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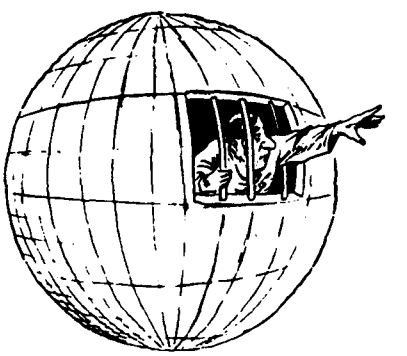

Reaching for new political concepts

THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE

Thomas Molnar

IN THE WORKS AT MERCY *Doris Grumbach*

Richard Corliss **SISTER SARA & BROTHER HOGUE**

NANCY MILFORD'S ZELDA *Robert Emmet Long*

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NEWS & VIEWS

Lightweight Anchors

We're kidding ourselves if we really believe the television "conversation" of July 1 between Richard Nixon and representatives of the major networks broke new ground in exploration of the presidential mind.

That it did not was not, however, the fault of the format, or of Richard Nixon for that matter, his gifts for evasion and equivocation notwithstanding. The fault rested with the golden boys.

John Chancellor of NBC and Eric Sevareid of CBS—they were surprisingly weak. Whether because of awe or intimidation, the fact is that neither appeared anxious or particularly capable of perceptive follow-up of set, preprepared questions.

Howard K. Smith of ABC, the one who's supposed to be the White House patsy, alone among the three interviewers displayed intellectual guts, and Nixon cooled him.

Still, Smith had his moment, as he probed Nixon's "legal justification" for warring in Southeast Asia now that the Tonkin Gulf resolution has been repealed.

Three times Smith pressed the point of "legal justification" without getting a direct answer the first two times or a satisfactory answer the third. He'd probably have come back a fourth time except that Nixon purposely turned to Chancellor. Chancellor agreeably changed the topic.

Chancellor was ingratiating, but the big disappointment was Sevareid, the man whose commentaries rendered him the sort of ranking intellectual of TV editorialists.

Sevareid's luster has diminished considerably with his increased usage in spontaneous situations, such as after Nixon's national TV appearances; he hasn't shown strong there. But no one expected him to be as weak and deferential as he was.

The biggest lapse among the interviewers, and Smith gets bad marks here along with the others, was in letting pass Nixon's statement that "Cambodia's chances of surviving as a neutral country are infinitely better now than they were on April 30."

Here's a country which in two months' time has lost its tourism and rubber industries completely, has seen consumer prices double and triple, has had to mobilize every male and female from 18 to 60, and been forced to write off a quarter of its territory to the enemy—all this, and newsmen sit unblinkingly as Nixon tells them that Cambodia is better off.

It was too Orwellian to be believable—like Nixon's constant invoking of his "constitutional right . . . to protect the lives of American men." Nine variations on the theme appeared in the *Times'* excerpted transcript of the "conversation" and not once did an interviewer raise the question whether the President's "constitutional right to protect American lives" might—just might—be mitigated by given circumstances.

The newsmen listened reverently, as though Nixon were speaking in the context of enemy troops rolling across the western plains toward St. Louis, instead of American troops going halfway around the world to intrude themselves in someone else's war 8,000 miles away.

Of Mice and Muggeridge

The National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare is circulating Malcolm Muggeridge's review of *One Life* by Christian Bernard and Curtis Bill Pepper, anxious to publicize, no doubt, Muggeridge's "moral disgust" over Barnard's animal experiments ("the sliced up guinea pigs, rabbits and mice, the baboon with human blood, the two-headed dog," etc.).

The review, reprinted from *The Observer Review*, was far more interesting, however, for its recounting of a TV confrontation between Muggeridge and Barnard.

"There was one question, particularly, that I tried, without success, to get him to answer," Muggeridge recalled. "Was he the first to chance his arm with a heart transplant, whereas elsewhere there were qualms and hesitations, because in South Africa the doctrine of apartheid devalued human flesh, reducing it from something God had deigned to put on, to a mere carcass?"

Tendentious as hell, that question, so no wonder, as Muggeridge reports, that it was "ill-received."

On the other hand, Muggeridge may not have been probing entirely out of his own biases. He cites a doctor who also worked at Groote Schuur Hospital, Barnard's scene, and who quit because "he found the attitude to surgery to be veterinary rather than medical." Muggeridge after reading *One Life:* "veterinary seems a shade excessive."

Donato, *Windsor Star*

Listen sweetheart . . . This beauty was only flown on Sundays by a little old lieutenant from Pasadena.

The New Maturity

Informations Catholiques Internationales noted a detail inexplicably overlooked by others reporting the June 7 local and regional elections in Italy: for the first time since the end of World War II, neither the Italian hierarchy nor *l'Osservatore Romano* instructed Catholics how to vote.

Informations added that "this silence confirms the decisions of the most recent conference of the Italian bishops, who, citing Vatican II's 'Gaudium et Spes,' had acknowledged the right of Catholics to determine for themselves the course of their political action."

The Bishops' decision had no untoward results so far as old worries are concerned.

The Communists dominated three regions in the election, but still did not better their showing in the '68 parliamentary elections. And the Christian Democrats—for whom the Italian church has energetically worked in the past—remained the largest of Italian political parties, receiving 37.9 percent of the vote.

Odds and Ends

—Kent Courtney, chairman of the Conservative Society of America, blamed Bill Buckley for the refusal of Young Americans for Freedom to participate in the eighth annual New England Rally for God, Family and Country. "All YAF chapters follow his lead," complained Courtney. "When one conservative calls another a racist, there's a nigger in the woodpile and he was it."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Daly's Demurrer

Brighton, Mass.

To the Editors: The otherwise fine article by Joseph H. Fichter, "Holy Father Church" [May 15], refers to my book, *The Church and the Second Sex,* in a very misleading fashion. Fr. Fichter asserts: "Many people who read Mary Daly's book consider it a forthright but well-balanced and temperate book, and the main reason seems to be that she is not an outright advocate of priestly ordination for women." Nothing could be further from an accurate statement of my position, as anyone who has read my book or heard me speak on the subject should know very well. To quote from my own opus: "If the level of dialogue between men and women which we are seeking is to be attained, then all automatic exclusion from any church office or function on the basis of sex is to be eradicated" (p. 153). Indeed, an entire section of the book is devoted to the issue of women priests.

The question then arises: What is the point of disagreement or discrepancy between Joseph Fichter's conception of the problem and mine that would make such a gross misreading possible? I suspect that it has to do with the way we look at the priesthood and the institutional church. I think it would be a mistake to assume that acceptance of women into the hierarchy would be a panacea. The bad experience of Protestant women ministers bears this out. But there is more to it than this: We must go beyond thinking in terms of the institutional church as it has existed until the present time. The very idea of hierarchy in the sense of a caste system and of fixed states of life seems anachronistic to the contemporary mind. We must ask whether there will even be priests in the future in the sense commonly understood today. The very idea of ministry is changing, and in reality women already are in the ministry.

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OLD-TIME DIALOGUE

Touring the United States during July is Msgr. Marcel Uylenbroeck, secretary of Pope Paul's Council of the Laity, the new Vatican agency comprising 22 laymen and eight bishops and classified as a "full-fledged" part of the Roman Curia. The Council of the Laity, in Msgr. Uylenbroeck's words, has been established to bring to the Pope and the Curia "the reality of the life of the people." Uylenbroeck is in this country on official business—to get the pulse of the American laity.

The National Council of Catholic Men made the arrangements for the Belgian-born prelate's visit, and is taking him coast-to-coast to meet and talk with laymen in major Catholic centers. The visit is an important one, holding great information potential—providing its scope is as multi-dimensional as it should be; in other words, providing it is not overly establishment. The New York end of the tour provided no great assurance that it would be.

In New York, Msgr. Uylenbroeck met with what were described as "key officials of lay organizations" and—for 45 minutes—with 12 members of the archdiocese's parish council commission. These are people to be consulted with, of course. But Msgr. Uylenbroeck is aware, we hope, that they no longer are the whole or even a completely representative cross-section of the American Catholic laity. Whole new cultures have grown up within the American church with which the institutional church is becoming more and more out-of-touch—an almost entire generation of youth, for instance, and a sizable liberal adult group which has either drifted out of the church or so formalized its relationship to the church as to be a neutral element at best. Effort must be made to reach and reclaim them, for without them the church is not going to survive in any form even remotely identifiable with the past.

If there is any strong recognition of this, it is not evidencing itself in a dramatic way. The internal communication is still with what is left of the old guard and along lines which are little more than minor variations on standard themes. The New York meeting between Msgr. Uylenbroeck and the parish council commission seems a case in point. The meeting was marked by what was described as some "frank and highly unusual" talk.

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Given the crises in the church—the clergy and nun drain, the vocations decline, schools in trouble, liturgy limping, the religious press slipping down the drain, youth turned off, adults growing increasing indifferent—some "frank and highly unusual" talk is urgent, to say the least. But "frank and highly unusual" talk in the 1970 American church sounds yet like a disk from the 1940s: a "labor leader" expressing discouragement that the church's role in social action is not clearly defined; an attorney arguing that the corporate legal structure of the parish has to change if the church expects to keep the layman interested. It is hardly the sort of commentary that will strongly charge many in the face of the infinitely larger problems of faith and worship.

For his part, Msgr. Uylenbroeck spoke about parish councils and expressed enthusiasm over their future effectiveness, maintaining that they would give the church "the answer to the real problems of today." If the councils function properly, he commented, they will help define the role of the laity; then, he said, there will be no need for the clergy to become involved in politics and priests can confine their efforts to pastoral concerns. It is almost as though the world had pretty much stood still since Pope Pius XII was writing his encyclicals.

Now it is perfectly possible that the New York meeting suffered from some inept reporting. On the other hand, the scenario runs too much to form to be dis

In the Works

At Mercy

Last fall, for several Sundays in a row on the education page of the *New York Times,* there appeared a witty advertisement for a small college in Dobbs Ferry, New York. It showed a flower pot planted with a single strand of ivy, and the caption read: "Our hallowed traditions date all the way back to 1961."

Like other small Catholic-founded institutions in the U.S., Mercy College had begun in 1951 as a junior college for the education of its own Sisters, was turned into a senior college admitting lay students in 1961. At its inception it boasted a new, utilitarian classroom and office building, magnificently situated on the Hudson on 83 acres made available to the Order by the Rockefellers, as well as a strong president, business-minded Sister Etheldreda.

In the early days it was a quiet, all-female, seminary-like college, with heavy theology and philosophy requirements, compulsory Mass, required retreats, and the pleasant, decorous disciplined climate of all such wholly Catholic institutions. In 1965, under the academic leadership of a talented Mercy nun, Frances Mahoney (Ph.D. in psychology), her assistant for student affairs, young, vigorous Sister Ann Grow, and a group of like-minded deans and faculty members, the college began to prepare for its middle-states accreditation, which it received in 1968.

As its ad boasted, Mercy was not tradition-bound, had no nostalgic alumnae to hold it back. But, like every school which has gone the route from convent-college to four-year institution for the education of lay women, it had a group on its faculty and within its administration and board of trustees who felt strongly that the college had gone too far and too fast in lowering the theology requirements to the point where they were virtually elective, admitting men into all its divisions, permitting students to dress as they pleased, abandoning the stringent *in loco parentis* rules for general campus decorum, turning the small chapel in the classroom building into an ecumenical place of worship, etc., etc.

So far had the college come in a short time out of the quiet backwaters of parochial education and into the mainstream of American schools (these are Andrew Greeley's terms from the title of his recent book), having by majority vote of the faculty formally declared itself a non-sectarian school, that it appeared to have satisfied the examiner sent by the State Department of Education to see whether Mercy qualified for Bundy money (state aid to private, independent schools) for 1969-1970. But, this spring, while Mercy waited for word from the state, events disturbing its internal peace were occurring, fast and furiously.

In February Sister Etheldreda resigned as president, effective June 1. In her letter to the board of trustees she cited "physical and psychical" reasons, but it was well-known on campus that she was very unhappy with the direction the college was taking; it was learned she was moving on into a responsible, demanding executive job with OEO. At once 80-percent of the faculty sent a petition to the board nominating Frances Mahoney as acting-president and asking for a representative search committee to be appointed to select a permanent president. The student body followed suit. The board of trustees neglected to acknowledge the petition or the individual letters from faculty and deans sent to them on Frances Mahoney's behalf. Despairing at the vast silence, an Ad Hoc Committee sent telegrams to the board, asking for an immediate meeting. Two hundred faculty members and students appeared at the meeting—but not one trustee.

But the board had been busy on its own and in

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:ounted altogether. For now as before, these are the :onsulting and the consulted in the church, these are he type problems which preoccupy, these are typical of he adjustments which are considered to be substantively nnovative. And it all helps explain why the church has ts added measure of trouble. There is an enormous elevancy gap not only between the church and the vorld, but within the church itself; further there is that ncient impulse to consider nothing so wrong in the hurch that it cannot be remedied by institutional ad- ıstment. If this were ever possible, it is not so now. 'his is an entirely new ball game, and it is not at all ertain that the church is even talking to the right people bout it—or, least, *all* the right people.

Certainly it is not if it is dealing primarily or, as may be the case, exclusively with the organizational Catholic. These are the saved—who are not necessarily going to save the church, at least not alone. The subculture groups must be caught up in the challenges. If they continue to be neglected, the church's troubles are only beginning.

NOTICE: In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 7, August 21, September 4 and September 18. From then on we will resume our normal weekly schedule.

response to a group of faculty including the president, it announced that it was appointing Mrs. William Coogan, long-time faculty member and spokesman for the conservative forces on campus, as acting president for *two* years. The search committee for her choice was, it turned out, five members of the board of trustees. Mrs. Coogan teaches Communication Arts, has an M.A. from Columbia, and is said by the Ad Hoc Committee to have resisted every move on the part of the academic dean and her team toward change in the college, and by the students to have opposed their entry into the governance of the college.

Reaction was instantaneous and traumatic. On hearing of the appointment of Helen Coogan, one Sister member of the board of trustees resigned. One other Sister, a member of the Ad Hoc committee, left the Order as of June first. Frances Mahoney and Ann Grow both resigned from the Mercy Order this week. Dr. John Rayburn, professor of music and assistant dean for student affairs who has been at Mercy since its inception as a senior college, has resigned as of the same date. Many of the members of the Ad Hoc Committee have expressed no interest in staying at Mercy much longer.

Leaving, as of June first of this year is James Lee, assistant professor of philosophy and chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee, who says his disillusion with Catholic education is complete. Two months ago when the silence of the board had frightened him and worn down his patience and his faith in their good will, he went to the Chancery of the Archdiocese n New York to talk to Msgr. George Kelly, secretary of the Department of Education, about the situation it Mercy. Cardinal Cooke was in Rome at the time. Lee was astonished to discover that Msgr. Kelly vas well-informed about the internal troubles, indeed iad in his possession a copy of the Ad Hoc Committee's memorandum to the trustees which followed heir telegram. Msgr. Kelly later sent his copy of the memo to the Cardinal, informing him of his conversation with Lee and assuring him: "I did relate our concern that Mercy College remain a Catholic college, and expressed concern that the Bundy Law was having untoward, indeed unnecessary effect on the operation of the Catholic college."

Msgr. Kelly told the Cardinal in his letter that he and Professor Lee did not see eye to eye on the functioning of a board of trustees within a democratically structured college community.

Professor Lee has informed his former colleagues at Mercy (he now has an appointment to City University) that he intends to take the matter of what he regards as a catastrophic choice of acting president to the courts, to the national A.A.U.P., and to the American Civil Liberties Union, which has expressed a concern for the possible violation of academic and religious freedom at Mercy.

The Ad Hoc Committee cannot help seeing in all of this a sad repetition of the fate of the progressive administration of Notre Dame College on Staten Island (*Commonweal*, Mar. 27, 1970) where, following the threat of closing the college and the resignations of some key personnel, a Monsignor was appointed to head the severely divided institution, and the Archdiocese of New York underwrote the end-of-year failures of the college.

They are open in expressing their suspicion that there is a determined move at the Chancery to get the New York State Catholic-sponsored colleges "back in line." They, in turn, are determined to make their troubles known to the middle-states accrediting committee when it returns for an inspection next spring. And they are grimly vocal in wondering if, after ten years of moving in one discernible direction, the progressive qualities of Mercy are now being severely strained.

DORIS GRUMBACH

(*Doris Grumbach, author and essayist, teaches literature at the College of St. Rose in Albany, N.Y.*)

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Rereading the 'Philadelphia Manifesto'

How does one talk about social issues so as to express the full complexity of reality and yet not rule out the wide audience which is implied in the ideal of democratic decision-making? How can the language of public controversy be civil and careful enough to invite analysis and response and thus check errors—and yet be charged with enough passion to move men to action? These questions are abstractly put; but they are perhaps the questions which most worry, confuse, and divide American intellectuals. The war and racism are more important questions; but the moment we open our mouths on either subject the problem of how to pitch our language catches in our throats.

Contrary to some widely entertained notions that all New York intellectuals and most militant students see the world in terms of "pigs," "streetpeople," "motherfuckers," and other similar metaphysical categories, I think that the debasing effect of such language is generally recognized. Yet this vocabulary has its devotees; and in certain versions, say the Manichean division of the world into "Pig Nation" and "Woodstock Nation," it has obtained a popularity which threatens to put iron manacles on whatever desires young people have of infusing gentleness and understanding into our already Manichean culture. The attunement of this language to all sorts of brutality, whether of right or left, was demonstrated to me again when I saw a copy of a threatening letter sent to an acquaintance. The letter, expressing a variety of rightwing maniac social Darwinism, was sprinkled with the expressions of the far New Left. My acquaintance was labelled a "pig racist"—by defending blacks, he had evidently been disloyal to his own white race—and a threat to kill him and his family was followed by the exclamation "Right on!"

The other side of this problem struck me on July 4 when, unable to Honor America with Dinah Shore and Pat Boone in Washington, I dedicated a few moments to reading the lengthy document the morning's *Times* had kindly reproduced on page 22. The document is titled: "In Congress, July 4, 1776. The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America"—obviously not snappy enough to catch on with the phrasemakers; so I preferred to think of the piece simply as the "Philadelphia Manifesto," and I began to muse on how my favorite liberal professor Daniel Krinkle, who edits the social science quarterly *Manipulation,* would react to the "Philadelphia Manifesto."

He would certainly begin sympathetically:

"Unquestionably a moving document. No one can read this long list of grievances which the British king has allegedly committed against the American colonists, and still argue that all was well in the colonies.

"Just the same," Professor Krinkle would add, as though what he was about to say pained him greatly, "we shouldn't let our natural sympathies for the colonists blind us to the precise nature of the 'Philadelphia Manifesto.' Even without delving into all the details, anyone can spot the exaggerations and simplifications. A design to suppress the colonies under *'absolute Despotism'*? A plan to establish 'an *absolute Tyranny* over these States'? Preparations for 'introducing the same *absolute rule* into these Colonies'? Now, really! And look at the conspiratorial mentality at work here. Everything personalized and blamed on the king, who is roundly abused as 'A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant.'

"The 'Philadelphia Manifesto' claims that colonists can't get a fair trial and that British soldiers who murder colonists are always acquitted. Now surely *that* is an inflammatory statement. On the other hand, the colonists have exercised only 'patient sufferance'; they have 'Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms,' while the king has exercised 'Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages.' Everything, you see, is cast in terms of the good guys and the bad guys. No ambiguities. Nothing about the riots, civil disobedience, non-negotiable demands, attacks on private property and public officials. . . .

"And even if you were to agree with all these complaints, you can't deny they are accompanied by some rather murky ideology. What you have here," Professor Krinkle concluded, "is the elite of a society, enjoying the best things it has to offer, which now nihilistically refuses to work within the system. All I can say is there's going to be a terrific Tory backlash."

Krinkle, of course, is right. The "Philadelphia Manifesto" *does* simplify and exaggerate, at the same time that it tries to show "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." It is neither the monosyllabic, instant social analysis of the Crazies, nor the web of ambiguity, complication and intellectual showmanship which some social scientists prefer to weave around the kernel of human indignation over injustice. Maybe Jefferson, in 1776, gave us a model for answering those opening questions.

PETER STEINFELS

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RIGHT PEW, WRONG CHURCH

Justice for the Catholic Conscientious Objector

JEAN KEELAN

On the surface of it, Section 6 (j) of the Military Selective Service Act of 1967, which pertains to conscientious objection, looks harmless enough: "Nothing contained in this title shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combatant training and service in the armed forces of the United States who, *by reason of religious training and belief,* is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. As used in this subsection, the term 'religious training and belief' does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views, nor merely a personal moral code. . . ." [Italics added]

It appears innocuous, but a number of federal judges have held it to be discriminatory and now the Supreme Court has had something to say. In a recent five-to-three decision the Court declared: "We certainly do not think that Section 6 (j)'s exclusion of those persons with 'essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code' should be read to exclude those who hold strong beliefs about our domestic and foreign affairs or even those whose conscientious objection to participation in all wars is founded to a substantial extent upon consideration of public policy. The two groups of registrants which obviously do fall within these exclusions from the exemption are those whose beliefs are not deeply held and those whose objection to war does not rest at all upon moral, ethical or religious principle but instead rests solely upon considerations of policy, pragmatism or expediency." (*Welsh v. United States*)

What the Court has attacked, obviously, is the provision in the law which grants conscientious objector status to *only* those who "by reason of *religious* training and belief" oppose war. Too often draft boards have looked into an applicant's religion for positive commands against military participation. In effect local draft boards have asked "Could this Lutheran or Jew hold such beliefs?," instead of asking "Does this individual sincerely hold such beliefs?" Religious orthodoxy has also intruded into court martial proceedings, as evidenced by the case discussed in this article. But now decision-makers both in and out of the armed forces, to avoid being defeated in civilian federal courts, must focus on sincerity of belief rather than on its religious source. The source of man's convictions, however, has not been put out of the picture entirely. The day after the Supreme Court spoke, the Director of Selective Service was ready with new guidelines for draft boards. The applicant's views must be derived from "some kind of rigorous training," must have taken into account the views of "other wise men," and must have consulted "some system of belief" other than, presumably, those values the applicant has discovered for himself. What such guidelines would do for a poorly read youth of 18 whose convictions stemmed from his own insights remains to be seen. These rulings appear to encourage a manufactured articulation about a "rigorous training" few in our culture have encountered.

It would be well if it were generally recognized (by patriotic, religious middle America as well as everyone else) that the lower federal judiciary and the Court have moved, not to attack religion, but to put all men on an equal footing, regardless of religion. To this end, one particular case, that of Philip W. Goguen,

MRS. JEAN KEELAN, *whose home is in New Jersey, has been active as a counselor to a number of military conscientious objectors.*

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is enlightening. It illustrates how deeply the government can become enmeshed in religion. It reveals how the law has permitted—even instructed—the Army to ignore the only relevant point, a man's sincerity. It offers evidence that a law connecting conscientious objection with religious training permits the Army to practice religious discrimination. Because he could not conscientiously serve, Goguen spent the better part of a year in an Army stockade and was sentenced by a General Court Martial to serve another year despite the fact that Army officers testified that he was a sincere conscientious objector. He was in the right pew but the wrong church. Fortunately Goguen was rescued by Judge Mitchell H. Cohen of the United States District Court at Camden, New Jersey, who granted Goguen's petition for a writ of habeas corpus. But that was after almost two years of theological wrangling between Goguen and the Army.

Phil Goguen, who comes from Gardner, Mass., was inducted into the Army Nov. 29, 1967, and shortly afterwards concluded that he was being trained for the premeditated killing of human beings. He refused further basic training at Fort Dix, and applied for a discharge as a conscientious objector. The process called for seeing the chaplains, the Army's theologians. "The required interviews were conducted," writes Judge Cohen in his opinion, "among which was one of two hours with the Deputy Chaplain of the Second BCT Brigade who found him sincere but with a personal interpretation of the scriptures and the official documents of the Roman Catholic Church, of which petitioner was a practicing member, and who concluded that he was not, as such, eligible under the Army Directive for consideration as a genuine conscientious objector. The Assistant Catholic Chaplain took a like position."

Realizing what he was up against when the Catholic chaplain admitted his sincerity but turned him down as a Catholic, Goguen's second application appended a letter testifying to the compatibility of conscientious objection and Catholicism. The letter was written and signed by Msgr. Henry G. Beck, who had taught in the Newark diocesan seminary and had been an advisor at Vatican II. Nevertheless the application was disapproved by the commanding officer of Ft. Dix. The grounds: it did not meet the requirements of paragraph 3b(3) of Army Regulation 635-20. That Regulation repeats word for word the section of the law quoted above. To the stunned G.I. like Goguen who says, "But you admit these *are* my beliefs," the Army in effect replies, "Under this law, belief is not enough. Were you *trained* to refuse military service?" The applicant feels that he was, more or less. The chaplains may say otherwise. The state now has the instrument it needs to make a religious establishment of those dogmas it considers proper and to treat as heretical other views, as is abundantly shown by the record of Goguen's General Court Martial. But before turning to the trial's *verbatim* record, it is interesting to view the extreme means that were required to maneuver the Army into convening a General Court Martial in the first place.

Having been formally and finally denied recognition as a conscientious objector, Goguen was asked to accept an M-14 rifle, an order to resume training. He refused. A Special Court Martial sentenced him to five months at hard labor. But Goguen realized that by serving time in a military prison he was accomplishing nothing. Upon release he would be expected to return to military activities, rehabilitated. He considered his alternatives. He could desert. He could abandon his conscience. He could file in federal court, but he had already done that and heard nothing. At the time the courts were reluctant to take military cases, saying they preferred to let the Army first do its best, or worst. He could again refuse to train. That would net him another Special Court Martial. The cycle of refusing and being punished could continue indefinitely.

But Goguen had another option. He could commit an act so horrendous the Army would feel compelled to convene a General Court Martial, throw him into prison for a long term and then out of the Army. The maximum penalty for refusing to wear a uniform, for example, is five-and-one-half years' confinement, forfeiture of all pay, and dishonorable discharge. Such sentences have a certain grim appeal; they are served at Fort Leavenworth and they terminate in discharge. Among G.I.'s, Leavenworth enjoys a much better reputation than the dilapidated stockade at Fort Dix, filled to overflowing with 700 or more men. Released from the stockade, Goguen decided to force the issue. He refused to wear his uniform and was returned to the stockade for pre-trial confinement Feb. 14, 1969. The General Court Martial was not held until June, 1969. Meanwhile, Goguen refused to cooperate with the military routine of the prison. Except for one week he was kept in one form or another of solitary confinement.

Defending Dogmas

In the General Court Martial matters of religion were prominent from opening remarks to summations. Goguen's civilian attorney, Emerson Darnell, immediately questioned members of the court about their religious affiliations. If such questions at first startled the observer, it must be recalled that the government was about to defend its dogmas and was willing to let the defense prepare to maintain an opposing set. But that could come later. First the question before the court was only this. Had the accused willfully disobeyed a lawful order? He had. He was found guilty.

The second part of a court martial hears testimony on possible mitigating circumstances to determine the

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severity of the sentence. Father Frank Testa of Plainfield took the stand and testified that he had known Goguen for a little over a year and had talked with him about five times, in the stockade and out, briefly and at length. The questions are those of the defense attorney, Emerson Darnell.

Q. You may be interested to know, Father, that five members of the court are Roman Catholics. As the result of your contacts with Private Goguen, have you come to any opinion as to his sincerity in his claim to be a conscientious objector?

A. Yes, very definitely.

Q. Would you tell the court what that opinion is?

A. I feel that Philip Goguen is very sincerely a Catholic and very sincerely a religious person and I feel that he has sincerely and deeply considered the question of conscientious objector in the light of his own Catholic belief. I feel that he has shown tremendous courage in his convictions and he has deepened his convictions with as much openness to this whole question as possible.

Q. Is there anything in modern Catholic doctrine that is inconsistent with the position that Private Goguen has claimed?

A. There is definitely not any contradiction.

Q. Have you had any contacts with any of the military chaplains at this post?

A. Yes, I have, with Captain Sheen.

Q. And, have you discussed with him or with other chaplains the modern Catholic Doctrine with regard to conscientious objection?

A. Yes, conversations with Father Sheen. Captain Sheen was rather brief about—this particular question, but my feeling is that I have found that most Catholic chaplains are misinformed about the church teaching on conscientious objection. They are not aware sufficiently and fully of the recent clarification, official clarification of the Catholic Church on the question of conscientious objection. There is certainly a clear, rather a tradition in Catholic doctrine—there is definitely a teaching on conscientious objection, but recent clarifications are not sometimes understood or not even known by some Catholic chaplains that I have met, my impression. (sic)

In replying to further questioning, Father Testa referred to the Council document on The Church in the Modern World and the American bishops' statement. He read from Section 79 of the Constitution, which Goguen had cited in his application. He read as far as "orders commanding such action are criminal and blind obedience cannot excuse those who yield to them." He asked "You want me to read the whole section?"

Q. No. Father, one of the Catholic chaplains who interviewed Private Goguen in connection with his application for separation commented, "As a practicing Roman Catholic he is not eligible under the appropriate Department of the Army Directive to be considered a genuine conscientious objector." Do you have any comments to make on that?

Father Testa explained why he thought the statement incorrect. He was then questioned by the government attorney, Captain Vernon S. Gill, who brought out the state-sanctioned Catholic position. He asked Father Testa if he was familiar with the *New Catholic Encyclopedia.*

Q. Does this particular statement sound familiar to you? "Military service is permitted if it is undertaken not for motives of greed or cruelty, but with the desire for peace. A soldier is to fulfill his duties to the best of his ability according to the lawful direction of his superiors." Does that sound familiar to you?

A. No.

Q. Would you say that that expresses a Catholic point of view different from that which you have just given us?

A. The affirmation of lawful authority is not unusual, but it does not at all conflict with the statement of support for conscientious objection that I have just read and expressed.

Captain Gill quoted the 1956 Christmas message of Pope Pius: "A Catholic citizen cannot appeal to his conscience as a grounds for refusing to fulfill his duties fixed by law." Father Testa replied that there was a radical difference between a Pope's Christmas message and an ecumenical council of the Catholic bishops of the world. Captain Gill read from Section 79 of the Constitution on the Church in the Modern World: "Those who devote themselves to the military service of their country . . . are making a genuine contribution to the establishment of peace." Several exchanges between Father Testa and Captain Gill explored different church statements and the different interpretations that could be laid upon them.

Darnell attempted to show that Goguen was a sincere conscientious objector, whether or not the government thought his position was becoming to a Catholic. In an act that must have taken considerable courage, considering that the base commander had convened the General Court Martial and had picked both the members of the court and the trial counsel (prosecuting attorney), the commander of the Fort Dix stockade, Major Andrew Casey, took the stand to testify. He was questioned by Darnell.

Q. Major, when did you take over the command of the Post Stockade?

A. I assumed command of the stockade on the

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third of April, but I was assigned as the correction officer on the second or third of March.

Q. At the time you were assigned in March, was the accused confined to the stockade?

A. Yes, he was.

Q. What has been the nature of your contacts with him since he's been in the stockade?

A. With the exception of the latter two weeks in March, I have spoken to Private Goguen on a daily basis. Approximately five or six occasions I have had the opportunity to converse with him over a lengthy period of time, perhaps 20, 30 minutes and we talked about his particular case.

Q. And you are therefore, I take it, aware that he considers himself a conscientious objector?

A. Yes, I am aware of this consideration.

Q. And in your conversations, did he discuss with you the nature of his beliefs?

A. Yes, we discussed those beliefs in some detail.

Q. Have you, as a result of your conversations with Private Goguen and as a result of observing him in the stockade, have you formed an opinon as to his sincerity or lack of sincerity?

A. Yes, I have such an opinion.

Q. Would you tell the members of the court what your opinion is?

A. Yes, I believe that based on the conversations I have had with Private Goguen that he is very sincere in his conscientious objection beliefs. I have explored these beliefs in some detail in a number of conversations and of all the other prisoners in the stockade who express CO beliefs, I firmly believe that Private Goguen is perhaps the most sincere of all.

Major Casey was also asked about the behavior of the prisoner.

A. With the exception of approximately a one-week period, and I am uncertain of the dates, he's been in administrative segregation because he has refused to partake in normal military duties in the stockade.

Q. Would that include training?

A. Yes, and marching and so forth.

Q. And would you tell the members of the court what administrative segregation means?

A. Yes. It consists of men living in an individual cell, six feet by eight feet. Administrative segregation is used for men who are sensitive people, who perhaps couldn't get along with other prisoners in the compound, who are former military policemen and for men who refuse to partake of normal military training because of their beliefs. It is not a disciplinary measure.

Both administrative segregation and disciplinary segregation to which the next witness refers are forms of solitary confinement. Lieutenant Bartlett S. Fleming was sworn in and testified that he was correctional treatment officer with custody of the prisoners confined in the stockade. He was also questioned by Goguen's civilian counsel, Emerson Darnell.

Q. During the course of performance of these duties, have you had occasion to talk to Private Goguen?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Would you please inform the court what the substance of these conversations were?

A. Well, when I first encountered Private Goguen he was in segregation in the stockade. I believe he was in disciplinary segregation, I believe refusing to obey a direct order to comply with the requirements of the stockade and was on a restricted diet at the time. We talked. I initially counseled him, tried to get him to comply, come around to the military way of thinking and we talked about his beliefs and views.

Q. Would you say from your experiences with Private Goguen, his conduct has been consistent throughout the time that you have known him?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And, consistent with a—

A. Consistently refusing to cooperate with the military.

Q. Had he expressed why he was consistently refusing to follow the stockade procedures?

A. Yes, sir, he says he is a conscientious objector.

Q. During the course of your conversations with him, have you been able to form an opinion as to whether he is sincere or not in his convictions?

A. I would have, in judging sincerity, it is a relative thing. I have known probably half a dozen to ten conscientious objectors or people who claim they are CO's since I have been in the stockade. Goguen is the only one who has refused to compromise his expressed principles to make himself more comfortable. That is, avoid being put on disciplinary segregation and disciplinary diet. If this is a mark of sincerity, I would say he is sincere.

Q. Could you explain what this limited or restricted diet is and say something about the procedures?

A. When a man disobeys a rule in the stockade we have certain punitive measures that we can take. One is disciplinary segregation and placing a man on a restricted diet which is 2200 calories a day, bread, water and vegetables, no dairy products, no condiments, no garnishment on the food. It is a rather bland diet to say the least. A man we put on this diet for 14

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days, then we must take him off for 14 days and then put him back on. We can do this for 84 days for not complying with stockade regulations.

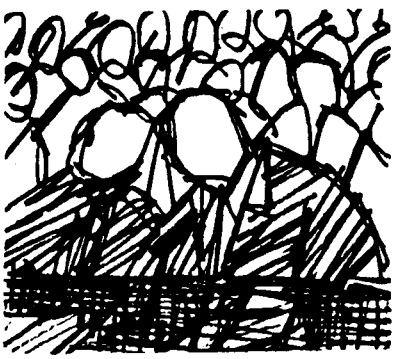
Q. *Do you have any information within your knowledge as to how long Private Goguen has been on this limited diet?*

A. I believe he's done three periods on this diet, one of which lasted the full 14 days, the second seven, the next 14, the last seven or eight days.

Q. *To your knowledge, is this usually successful in bringing a prisoner around to complying with stockade regulations?*

A. Since I have been in the stockade, I have—I don't think I have seen anyone do a full 14-stint on disciplinary diet or restricted diet. . . .

Besides refusing to train and within the stockade



to cooperate, Goguen also refused to salute, in or out of the stockade.

Q. *Lieutenant Fleming, may I ask how has Private Goguen been? What is his appearance and demeanor towards you as an officer? How would you describe that?*

A. I would say it's been—I wouldn't say it's been respectful, I would say courteous. He wouldn't be respectful in a military respect. . . .

Goguen took the stand and was asked about the amount of time he had spent in solitary, the gradual development of his beliefs, and why he would not participate in violence of any kind. He testified that he felt that all men were brothers and that which made them such was the divine in all men.

Q. *After your military obligation is completed, what do you intend to do with your life?*

A. Well, that is a rather indefinite question now because of the indefinite thing which I face. I would like to engage in education again [when drafted, Goguen had been a substitute teacher in a junior high school of his home town, Gardner, Mass.] when I have my service terminated or else I would like to write and speak about the things in which I believe to try to reach people non-violently. To try to bring about a realization that we are all members of a family, the family of man, and that the path that I see the world taking now is leading, not to a recognition of the family of man, but if it continues—it is leading to maybe a destruction of the family of man.

More conspicuous in the trial than Goguen's beliefs were opinions about his beliefs. The presence of a priest in the courtroom, the questions put to him by both sides about church doctrines, the defense eliciting from the members of the court statements about their religious affiliations—all these left little doubt that a certain kind of Catholicism was on trial. In his summation the counsel for the government mentioned all Catholic positions, reminded the court that the issue of Goguen's conscientious objection had already been decided negatively, and then observed that although "a rather flattering picture of the accused" had been painted by the defense, Goguen's past behavior showed that in the future he would not comply with military authority. The defense summarized:

> Today's offense of disobedience cuts at the very heart of good order and discipline and is in fact disruptive to the function of the Army. Private Goguen's service in the Army . . . could reasonably be expected to follow the same pattern. Therefore, the government recommends to this board of officers that a discharge is appropriate, but a discharge combined with total forfeitures and confinement at hard labor.

The Court voted that Goguen be discharged with a bad-conduct discharge, which the Army thinks is less punitive than a dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and confinement at hard labor for 12 months. That was in June, 1969. A re-hearing on the sentence, ordered because of a minor technical oversight, reduced the sentence to six months. On Oct. 14, Judge Cohen ordered Goguen released within 10 days, but even after that time had elapsed, Goguen was still locked up. An act of God intervened. His grandmother died and he was allowed to go home on "parole." While Goguen was there the Army fiinally admitted that it had no claim on him.

Sisson Case Cited

In granting Goguen's writ of habeas corpus, Judge Cohen wrote, "There is no issue in this case regarding petitioner's sincerity. That his position 'crystallized' after his induction . . . rather than prior to induction is of no moment. We disagree that the time when conscientious objection arises, that is either before or after induction, is sufficient to avoid the holding in *Sisson,* supra, which involved a pre-induction conscientious objector to American military activities in Vietnam. He [Sisson] was not in a formal sense a religious conscientious objector, but selective in his objection to the

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theater of military activities. In distinction from *Sisson,* the petitioner here has conscientious objection to all war, in any form, and is not selective as to the Vietnam combat. These problems were analyzed with great lucidity and disposed of with considerable insight in the cases of *United States v. Sisson,* supra, an opinion by Chief Judge Wyzanski, and in [a Navy case] *Koster v. Sharp,* supra, which help point the way to the disposition of the petition presented by a sincere young man conscientiously and morally opposed to participation in all war."

The fundamental issue, Judge Cohen goes on to say, is the constitutionality of the standard employed in the law for the classification of CO's. Far from trying to accommodate those of religious beliefs, the law rather makes "a legislative distinction between those of religious belief and those who are not of any such persuasion, but who are sincerely convinced that war is morally wrong, be they atheists or heretics. If the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution do not protect the latter group by providing due process and equal protection of the laws, then the legislative standard ignores their right to object to the killing of their fellowmen because they believe it to be wrong on the basis of abhorrence to any taking of life. The Constitution and its Amendments never provided for such discriminatory legislation by Congress. For while one is free to practice his religion under the First Amendment, he who does not is equally free in the exercise of his election not to do so, and his Constitutional rights are not diminished thereby. It was declared in *Epperson v. Arkansas* . . . that the First Amendment mandates government neutrality between religion and religion, as well as that between religion and non-religion." Judge Cohen then goes on to quote "The law knows no heresy, and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect."

"We hold, as did the courts in *Sisson* and *Koster* that the legislative and regulatory [Department of Defense regulations derived from the law] standard of 'religious training and belief' is violative of the First Amendment proscription against the establishment of religion and of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments guaranteeing both due process of law and equal protection. And, as was stated by Judge Masterson in *Koster,* 'a regulation which makes exemption from military service dependent upon the applicant's religious belief is, on its face, defective.' "

In his final paragraph, Judge Cohen writes, "The practical effect of *Koster* and *Sisson,* with which this Court is in accord, is to leave the sole test for discharge on the basis of conscientious objection, that of sincerity of one's conviction that war is wrong. Since the sincerity of petitioner is unquestioned, his request for a writ of habeas corpus shall be granted."

Judge Cohen's decision also struck a blow for the G.I. like Goguen who feels that he must go the Leavenworth route to get to the bottom of things. More so than not, the courts have honored the rule that there must be an exhaustion of Army administrative remedies before someone in the military can reach the civilian federal courts. "On the . . . procedural issue," Judge Cohen wrote, "federal courts are not hamstrung by the 'administrative remedy rule' when Constitutional claims may be reached collaterally. . . . As was stated by Judge Masterson in *Koster*:

> . . . otherwise, the only way someone in petitioner's position could raise his Constitutional claims of wrongful detention would be by first committing a military crime by disobeying an order and facing the possibility of imprisonment, as well as having to bear the stigma and attendant prejudice that attach to one dishonorably discharged from the armed forces. It should also be noted that the petitioner has no assurance that this route, if desired, would be available to him at all since the military authorities have the sole discretion to convene a General Court Martial."

Not all military cases turn out as well as Goguen's. He was fortunate in that he objected to all war. In the recently decided high court case which has removed the requirement of religious training and belief, Welsh also objected to all war. What about the orthodox Catholic whose objection is to a *particular* war? Pvt. Louis A. Negre of Bakersfield, Calif., applied for a discharge on the basis of his Roman Catholic beliefs, quoting Catholic theologians on unjust wars. The Army turned him down, the civilian courts refused to hear him, and he was sent to Vietnam. On June 29, 1970, the Supreme Court agreed to hear the case of Pvt. Negre in the October term. As his case seems to strike at "participation in war in *any* form," from Section 6 (j), another breakthrough for the CO may be in the making.

JOHN FANDEL

PILGRIMAGE OF THE DEW

When the sun invades citadels
(Moors invading Spain),
the dew vanishes
(the Virgin of the Dew hidden).
Where has the dew gone?
(She was bunked in a tree.)
Shall we seek it?
(The lucky hunter found her.)
His mother by the tree was standing . . .
Let us go on pilgrimage
to find the dew,
risen.

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THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE

Are there new political concepts in the world today?

THOMAS MOLNAR

A new Aristotle would be needed today to study the regimes and political systems that have emerged since 1945, and then write a new *Politics* embracing them all and drawing from them conclusions valid for the "political man" in and beyond the twentieth century. Less endowed than Aristotle, we generally conclude that the most important political phenomenon of the half-century was the cold war and the policy of blocs, East and West, plus some new blocs beginning to take shape here and there. From the fact of pluricentrism we further conclude that ideological antagonisms are on the way out, that they are being solved in the direction of technological societies, which in turn would require more democracy and participation, but also a considerable amount of central planning.

This thesis is not very different from the one suggested by Sovietologists about a decade ago, namely that East and West would meet at some midway house, that the Soviet Union would become liberalized, the United States would adopt increasing measures of socialism. The rest of the world was assumed to shop around for a while in Moscow and Washington, then take from both what suits their domestic needs.

The intellectual temptation of symmetry was strong, but reality proved to be stronger. In the light of our earlier—recent—errors we must be very careful in forecasting new political forms and concepts; yet, reality is catching up fast with us, and some kind of formulation does become imperative. As it is understandable, the most difficult birth of new forms takes place in Communist countries where public debate on politically desirable norms and concepts is nonexistent. An outmoded terminology is the compulsory mold for even slight alterations in the system. The innovator must use the "Aesopian language," an excellent means for the creation of great literary works, but obviously inadequate for scientific probings of reality. Not surprisingly then, Sovietologists differ widely on the interpretation of political evolution in the Soviet Union, let alone in Communist China: no possible reconciliation exists between those who say that the demands of technology and the popular demand for consumer goods are compelling the leadership to introduce local decision-making mechanisms, and, on the other hand, a Tibor Szamuelly suggesting in *Encounter* that Russia is now settling down for many more decades of conformist despotism.

The "experiments" of Budapest in 1956 and of Prague in 1968 were too short and pressed by circumstances for us to ascertain what roads a thawing Communist regime might take; besides, no conclusion from these events could be considered as being valid for Russia too. Possibly the greatest intellectual indictment of a totalitarian regime is that nothing meaningful may be stated about its future since the preconditions, debate on political but also social, economic and cultural concepts, cannot take place.

The possibilities of prognosis are, of course, present in the Western world and also in the Third World. The mere availability of *names* of political theorists shows that there is a lively debate, that it expresses probable, if not necessarily realistic, options, and that it corresponds to interests, movements of thought, and conflicts of ideas alive in the respective communities. More than that, there is interaction between the West and the Third World on the level of conceptualization —whereas, contrary to widespread belief, there is hardly any interaction of this nature between Communist countries and the Third World. There is influence, impact, sympathy, cooperation—but no interchange of concepts, no cultural cross-fertilization. President Nasser put this fact recently in perspective in an interview in *Le Monde*: "We receive increasing amounts of armament from Moscow, but this only makes us more independent of them since they depend on our money." We can understand that there is Soviet *pressure* on Egypt; but can we really conceive of *conceptual influence* which is of course the more lasting of the two?

Returning to the question of emerging new political concepts in the West, I think we are wrong in supposing that democracy will survive either in its present form, or, as many believe, as a more fully "participatory" democracy. Part of the crisis today can be found in the inadequacy of such democratic mechanisms as party politics, elections in the result of which hardly anybody feels "represented," the many and contradictory pressures to which elected officials are subjected. The percentage of electoral participation is diminishing in most Western countries, even though

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democracy is still able to throw new "legions" of electors into the battle when, as in England and in the United States, the voting age is lowered to 18 years. Democracy, however, is inseparable from private initiative in most spheres; and private initiative is fast disappearing when decision-making is concentrated in the hands of a vast bureaucracy, when the breakdown of public safety obliges small businesses to liquidate (insurance companies are terminating policies of long standing or are raising premiums to unpayable rates), when only mammoth companies and financial amalgams are able to survive. It may be that the newly mushrooming educational, literary, theatrical and artistic groups, living on shoestring budgets or on foundation grants, create the impression that private endeavor is more vigorous than ever; but irrespective of their merits or lack of merits, these are fringe phenomena, and they do not reflect the state of mind of little people who feel crushed by bigness and by the mechanisms blocking their communication with the founts of power.

I do not say that this is an impossible or even intolerable situation, only that it has little to do with the Western notion of democracy. It has much more to do with the state of mind under feudalism, or, to be exact, in pre-feudal times when individuals and small groups sought protection against insecurity and the abuses or weakness of the central power. The new feudalisms offering shelter to masses of people are business corporations, labor unions, political parties, even foundations and the communications media. The cry for "participation" does not contradict this phenomenon because what is meant is much less a participation in the global (national) decision-making process than full acceptance of the individual within groups and organizations whose scope he can comprehend.

I find it significant, for example, that the idea of participation within business enterprises and industrial corporations in France, Germany and elsewhere in Europe is not received with any enthusiasm by the workers. The "reform of the enterprise" of which François Bloch-Laîné is the French pioneer will certainly establish more democratic forms at all levels, but the workers refuse to accept responsibilities for decision-making since the wrong decisons may leave them with diminished paychecks. They may prefer, as in Japan, the offer of life-long employment by the same company, in other words security without unnecessary risks.

Strikes, violence, and inflation, to mention only three of the ills besetting Western industrial societies, might normally bring about a fragmentation of society into smaller units. This is what happened in the earlier Middle Ages. The links forged by industry and modern services are too powerful and vital to us, however, to break up in general indifference. It is more probable that industrial production and the services will be maintained under the guarantee and control of powerful (quasi-feudal) concentrations, having perhaps their own private auxiliary forces.

Would this neo-feudal system be compatible with the kind of neo-caesarism of which authors like Amaury de Riencourt write? While this is not a necessary combination, it is not to be excluded either. The image cult today is, among other functions, in the service of presidents, party secretaries, and prime ministers who symbolize (perhaps more than actually represent) the coordination of centrifugal forces. The State which is both too powerful and inefficient may need, in this transition period, the image of a supreme caretaker as the basis of its system of reference.

Patterns

The problematics of Western societies today can be summed up in this descriptive formula: they are trying to find the political expression appropriate to the overripe phase of the industrial society. The formula for the Third World countries may be summed up as the attempt to industrialize while maintaining, in refurbished forms, the inherited cohesion. According to Western standards, then, the underdeveloped countries are more or less *pre-political* societies, but this does not mean that they are bound to go through the stages of Western development. Indeed, their efforts are mainly directed at shortcuts.

One thing appears to me certain, after having seen some fifty African, Asian, and Latin American countries in the last ten years: most of them, if not all, reject democracy as it is known to us. Here I have room only to elaborate the basic reasons: they are not pluralistic societies in which voluntary associations would have a rich field of activity; they cannot institute a multi-party system because, as Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia argued (echoing in this many other leaders), party heads and officials could be bought by foreign interests, whereas the single party can be better controlled; also, as in Africa in particular, the political party is a tribal, at best regional grouping, and makes the task of nation-building harder. This does not mean that the countries of the Third World do not have a high regard for democracy; but the term means for them primarily the neutralization of old and new elites, the wide accessibility of education, and safeguards against abuses and corruption. True, these demands may be interpreted as faint echoes of Rousseau and Jefferson, but again: democracy is used in a pre-political sense, as a collective term for general improvement. Very little is heard of democracy as civic duty and discipline, let alone as respect for the opposition.

If democracy is, then, generally rejected as non-indigenous and too slow, too complex, the terms having the greatest vogue are *nationalism* and *socialism*. The first is a way of self-identification transcending the

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tribe, the region, the racial or cultural homogeneity. It is immeasurably reinforced by the fact that the commanding posts in the countries of the Third World are increasingly filled by the military, mostly young officers. These men (from Egypt to Peru, from Thailand to Algeria) are far more important in underdeveloped countries than in Western ones since often they are the only group with sufficient cohesion (esprit de corps), education (at Western schools), and a view beyond provincial horizons. They are patriots, with a touch of contempt for verbose civilian officials and intellectuals, with a great admiration for technical expertise, and with some, mostly undigested, Marxist ideas on economics.

This enables them to look upon themselves as "socialists" and left-wingers—which helps in countries where either there have existed no middle classes, or, if any existed they were variously liquidated or compelled to leave. Incidentally, the formation of a new middle class would not be favorably regarded by these military because it would appear as a rival to themselves and, at any rate, representing foreign, "imperialist," interests. Thus the socialistic formula suits the new military leaders best, with, at the head of every important bureaucracy and State enterprise, a colonel keeping an eye on civilians sharing their ideology. In the long run the ideal seems to be a modern, sufficiently industrialized State under socialistic discipline, and which has avoided both capitalism and the atomization of industrial societies. In South America or Africa one often hears statesmen and their intellectual associates argue that when industrialization comes, the main task will be to preserve social or tribal cohesion without hindering progress.

Now whether this is possible, is highly questionable, and Western experience certainly does not encourage such prospects. In Africa and South America the rural exodus is irreversible, and the crowded cities with their slums (also in the Philippines, India, Indonesia) will hardly keep alive the tribal solidarity for long. In other words, a new principle of cohesion is needed, and it seems under the present circumstances that it will be an amalgam of nationalism and socialism. If Hitler had not discredited the term, we could now call it "national socialism." At any rate, discredited or not, the world must face it as the political form possessing the greatest prestige and the strangest magic. In countries where wealth is not available or easily exploited with existing means, nationalization is an irresistible policy and slogan. From Madagascar to Syria and to Indonesia "scientific" socialism is more than a slogan, it is a creed, although in most instances the line between it and Communism is carefully drawn—often, since there is no other frame of reference available, in the name of the nation, nationalism, and national independence. It may be a precarious definition, but it serves these countries' leaders in setting a course for their people.

Western feudalism and neo-Caesarism, Third World national-socialism, with Communist countries remaining great question marks—this is my fragile forecast. On many points I may prove wrong; I am right, however, when I suggest that our Western provincialism envisages developments elsewhere in the world as necessarily conforming to patterns known to us. And right again when I assume that Western man, too, is unpredictable enough to follow future paths not readily traceable from his present footsteps.

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NORMA FARBER

STITCH IN TIME

Let, in this rending end
of August, the little tailor cicada
but oil his shrill machine,
but thread his metalline
needle, let him this once
stitch so I wear his ounce
of ardor, a week-long
life-song. . . .
his music sews me, all my frayed
seams mend.

● ● ● ● ● ● ●

HAROLD WITT

AT THE END OF THE RIDE

Home, we rock from the trip,
go to bed in lanes—
the light is a motel light
against familiar panes,

speed troubled, double exposed,
Oregon sand on our feet,
see, when our eyes are closed,
highway aisles through trees—

blood in a map of veins,
towns we're coming to
past Frostee-Freez, Café,
like towns we've just gone through—

a sand web on a beach,
taut as a web of nerves
and ahead, both up and down,
the long road curves and curves—

somewhere we have to arrive,
travelers beside
driftwood the sea can't reach
at the end of the ride.

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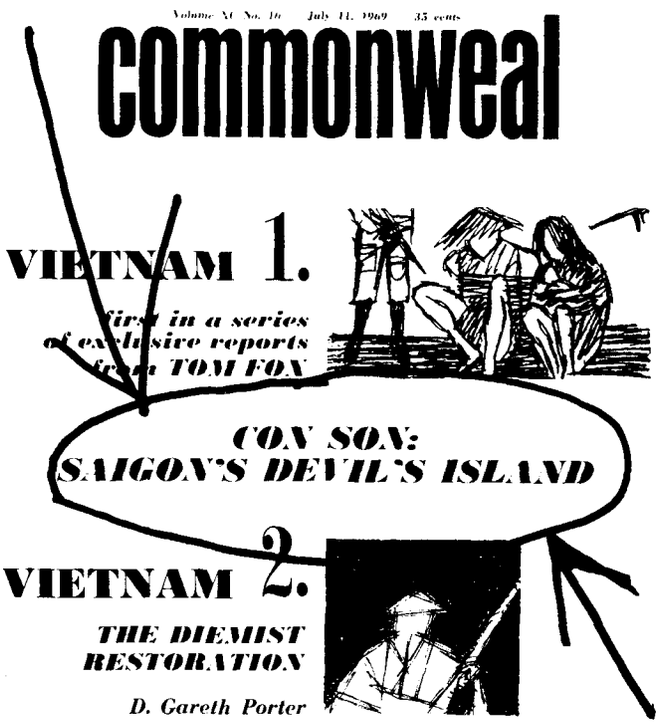
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Commonweal, July 11, 1969
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THE SCREEN

In the 1950s, when nobody was looking, a handful of film-makers helped mold and mature the Hollywood western—from a celebration of the Old West, its men and the primitive, attractive code of honor they shared, to a movie art form that was highly refined and self-conscious, but still vital, still stunningly felt. Through such classic films as *The Searchers, Red River* and *Seven Men From Now,* the legend of the two-gun, two-fisted cowboy evolved into the myth of the sad, sage, aging Man of the West. As superbly directed as these films were (by John Ford, Howard Hawks and Budd Boetticher), they suggested even more indelibly a strong, collaborative respect on the part of the films' actors, screenwriters, photographers, directors and even producers—respect and belief in the genre as a repository for all things noble in the life of a man and a nation. This sense of time, place and spirit is so palpable in the best postwar westerns that it could only have been created by men who felt a special affinity for the era, and for the sensibility that arose from it. Sentimental and elitist as the old tales of knights and pirates, these westerns were nevertheless informed with grandeur, dignity, trust and honor.

Don Siegel, a director associated with action films in urban settings (*The Lineup, The Killers, Madigan*), and Sam Peckinpah, who has directed two fine traditional westerns (*The Deadly Companions, Ride the High Country*) and one misanthropic anti-western (*The Wild Bunch*), have brought the genre honorably into the 70s with their current releases, *Two Mules for Sister Sara* and *The Ballad of Cable Hogue.* Siegel can make an incredible amount of hysteria and violence grow naturally out of his films' not-quite-psychotic characters. In *Sister Sara* he is working with more likable characters, and has the added benefit of a fascinating story (by the legendary adventurer-director Boetticher) and dialogue that entertainingly, compactly builds the two main characters into complex people with a sense of humor who still reside comfortably within the conventions of the type. (The screenwriter is Albert Maltz, who wrote some good films before being black-listed in the late 40s. Like Waldo Salt with *Midnight Cowboy,* Ring Lardner Jr. with *M*A*S*H,* and Abraham Polonsky with *Madigan,* Maltz has not only returned himself to prominence but also returned to the ignored screenwriter some of the attention due him.)

The characters created by Boetticher and Maltz have a resilience and humor perfectly matched to the stars who portray them. Clint Eastwood, with his inexhaustible supply of Havana Stogey butts, his impeccably

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trimmed six-day stubble, and his well-concealed tube of Ultra-Brite, finds here the fullest and most human realization of his grimy *Fistful of Dollars* anti-hero, and in the process becomes as much of a hero as one can believe in these days. Shirley MacLaine is at her cute and resourceful best as a lambchop in nun's clothing, who is determined to convert Eastwood to a more generous, though post-Christian, way of life. The theme is that old chestnut about two people, at first antagonistic, who become complementary halves of a corporate being by working together in adversity. But it's given exciting and pleasing shape, as Clint and Shirley demonstrate (1) How to Kill a Rattlesnake, (2) How to Cauterize an Arrow Wound with Gunpowder, and (3) How to Blow Up a Bridge by Remote Control, One-Handed.

There is a tiny hint that the Mexican War of Independence bears some comparison to America's present adventure in Indochina—in a scene where pink-cheeked soldier boys shoot down a dark-skinned nationalist who shouts "Viva Mexico Libre!" For the most part, though, *Two Mules for Sister Sara* is great fun. Just as important, it shows that, in its death throes, Hollywood can produce a well-made piece of high entertainment when its technicians and artists work together on something they really enjoy.

Doggedly Traditional

Compared with *The Wild Bunch,* Sam Peckinpah's fierce denunciation of the western hero myth, his latest film seems doggedly traditional, and maybe even reactionary. *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* is just that: a ballad, with a "verse" of exposition followed by a "chorus" of music and montage. Peckinpah's fidelity to this form leads to a distance and disinterest that could be confused with lack of interest on the director's part, and to an evenness of tempo that some may find monotonous. But the main characters—grizzled prospector, soft-hearted whore, and promiscuous preacher—are so much larger than life to start with, that a little distance adds the necessary perspective. Peckinpah surely wants us to see his hero Cable Hogue, not only as a likable, vengeful, lusty virulent man, but also as an emblem of the humane and gutsy American capitalist of the Old West, more common than but just as colorful as the gun-toters, and just as important.

The film is almost a pocket history of U.S. capitalism —with Cable, left to die of thirst in the Arizona desert, finding water "where it wasn't" and building up a thriving stagecoach stop, until the horseless carriage, greedy for a darker, more malignant liquid, appears on the horizon, and he dies—but it is also an elegy for the old-fashioned beliefs of its grizzled protagonist. Cable (Jason Robards, Jr.) believes in God, Country, and His Woman, and it is to Peckinpah's credit that, while obviously fond of his characters, he presents these Truths without idealizing them or apologizing for them. *Cable Hogue* is as suffused with old-time religion as Cable Hogue is, but less as a wide-eyed belief in God than as a squinty-eyed trust in Good. When Cable is choking to death in the desert, he asks God's help—and lo! water. (*The Virgin Spring Goes West.*) He meets, and is blessed by, an itinerant minister. He is roused from his bed of lust by a noisy revival meeting. All these beneficences finally take effect, and he absolves the man who had left him to die. As he dies, the preacher gives a funeral sermon. Even his Christan name can be mined for allusions: Cable = Cain + Abel. Like Cain, he tills the soil (and harvests water); like Abel, he feeds the animals (with his water). Like Cain, he kills a man; like Abel, he is favored by God.

Cable Hogue shows a detached reverence for the traditions of the Christian west, and for that secular religion—Americanism—of which the flag is the chief icon, the crucifix. And, unlike many of today's iconoclasts, Peckinpah can show a flag-raising without feeling any hatred or condescension toward the raisers. Cable also believes in Women—or, rather, Woman—namely, Hildy the Whore. Stella Stevens' wrinkles are by now indistinguishable from her dimples, but she's still lovely, and she makes Hildy serious, wise, deeply felt—a great lady, as plucky and warm as that other great Hildy, Roz Russell in *His Girl Friday.* Miss Stevens' big chance to "act" comes in a scene of feminine frustration reminiscent, in a small but satisfying way, of the kitchen table argument in Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf.* It's a dangerous scene, but Stella does shine.

Cable, the first-generation capitalist who built something from nothing, gives the business to his former enemy, the second-generation capitalist who will make the something even bigger. But as companies and countries get bigger, they also get more callous. Cable was saved, on his first emergence from the desert, by a friendly stagecoach driver. But when his successor calls to a horseless carriage to stop and help him, its riders just laugh and speed on.

As with most religious pictures, *Cable Hogue* has a few directorial indulgences: forced laughs, silly animation, speeded-up motion, even an appearance by Peckinpah's son. Curiously, I saw the movie in a sleazy 99-cent house on 42nd Street in New York, where many of the theater patrons have the same baked, failed look of Cable when he was left for dead. They laughed with *Cable Hogue*—with its indulgences as well as its epiphanies—and seemed to love it. Maybe they responded to the film's suggestion that the American Dream lives to be fulfilled by down-and-outers like Cable and themselves—until they awake from it to return to their panhandling doom in the unromantic industrial society that would have left even Cable Hogue high and dry.

RICHARD CORLISS

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BOOKS

The beautiful and the damned

Zelda

NANCY MILFORD

Harper & Row, $10.

ROBERT EMMET LONG

Nancy Milford's biography of Zelda Fitzgerald starts slowly, is awkward in places, and is boring and pedestrian in its sections devoted to literary analysis. Yet despite these limitations of mind, the book is an arresting and fascinating presentation of one of the most haunted and haunting figures of recent literary history—a figure about whom, until now, one has had only a comparatively shadowy impression. Mrs. Milford's candor and the unusually intimate sources from which she has been able to draw make her *Zelda* a distinct and living portrait, comparable in kind and in its degree of interest to the late Andrew Turnbull's *Scott Fitzgerald*. *Zelda* enlarges on Turnbull's study of the Fitzgeralds, particularly on their deterioration together and apart; more amply and in greater detail than has ever been assembled before, it establishes Zelda's case.

One says Zelda's case because, partly at least, *Zelda* is a case history of schizophrenic illness. Mrs. Milford has not only consulted scores of people who knew Zelda Sayre in Montgomery and elsewhere, but has also drawn from the actual psychiatric records of mental hospitals where she spent much of her later life. In the biography an acquaintance of the Fitzgeralds remarks that Scott and Zelda even looked alike, and it is one of the salient features of this reconstruction of their lives that they should have entered with such absorption into each other's personalities until at last their mutual involvement was like a prison from which neither could escape. In time their relations become destructively symbiotic. In his letters, Fitzgerald frequently remarks that he has "paid and paid and paid" for his love for Zelda, using—curiously—the metaphor of money, one of the axes upon which their world revolved.

Zelda was the sixth and last child of a family prominent in Montgomery as well as in the state of Alabama. Her father had served with distinction in the state legislature before becoming judge of the city court in Montgomery. A figure of Olympian aloofness (even from his family), Judge Sayre provided a wall of protection for Zelda in her early, formative years; she was spoiled further by her mother who doted upon her youngest child, referred to in the family as Baby even in her adult life. By the time of her teens, Zelda was a local legend, a beautiful Southern belle widely known for her fearlessness in violating social rules. At times her behavior was not only fearless but reckless, but what comes to light in this biography, and is of as great an interest psychologically, was her habit of speaking in non-sequiturs, making intuitive and idiosyncratic connections between ideas, and her personal isolation, for despite a considerable sociability she never made any friends. There were apparently symptoms of incipient schizophrenia in her earlier years, symptoms which went unnoticed.

In the 1920s, Scott and Zelda created a life style of youthful rebellion for their era. Zelda dived into the fountain at Union Square, and when Dorothy Parker met the Fitzgeralds for the first time she found Zelda riding on the hood of a taxi, with Scott aloft on the roof. Fitzgerald sometimes acknowledged that Zelda was bolder than he, and this quality in her—her genuinely not caring about the consequences of her actions—awed and fascinated him. During their residence abroad, however, Zelda's behavior became alarming. She began to enter into an increasingly private world, and her non-sequiturs became so strange that people stared. By 1930 Zelda was a patient at the Valmont psychiatric clinic at Les Rives de Prangins near Lake Geneva, where she was under the care of Dr. Oscar Forel. Dr. Paul Bleuler, an authority on schizophrenia, which he named, was also consulted and handed down a chilling diagnosis: "I considered her a constitutional, emotionally unbalanced psychopath."

The remainder of Zelda's life was spent in and out of mental hospitals, principally at Sheppard-Pratt sanitarium outside of Baltimore and Highland Hospital in Asheville, North Carolina. There were periods of lucidity which raised false hopes of her recovery, followed inevitably by episodes of breakdown in which Zelda would listen to hallucinated voices. Yet despite her disability in this period, she was able to write articles and stories and to work on her paintings, later exhibited in New York and now collector's items. Her novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, edited and refinished somewhat by Fitzgerald and published by Scribner's in 1932, while amateur writing, shows a certain brilliance of mind, and is dazzling in its piling up of vivid and, sometimes, weird sense impressions. Left unfinished, in a manuscript of 135 pages, is another novel, *Caesar's Things*, a mingling of autobiography and fantasy from which many important connections between things have been left out; it is interrupted by voices announcing a revelation of God—"INFINITE MAJESTY." Zelda continued to be preoccupied by manifestations of God when she lived, as Fitzgerald's widow, in an eccentric seclusion in Montgomery. She died in a fire in the Highland Hospital in 1948, the year in which the Fitzgerald Revival began.

What Mrs. Milford makes apparent,

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however, is that Fitzgerald lived through Zelda's illness almost as much as Zelda herself. The strain on Fitzgerald was particularly pronounced during the period in which he completed the final version of *Tender Is the Night*. Their sexual relations had ceased at this time, as Zelda drew away emotionally from Fitzgerald. They lashed each other with accusations; Zelda accused Scott (and it was a fixed idea in her mind) of a homosexual liaison with Ernest Hemingway. Fitzgerald behaved at times even more strangely than Zelda, and his alcoholism became alarming. Under such conditions, it is surprising that he was able to complete *Tender Is the Night* at all. After it was published, he drifted into the dark night of the soul which he describes in *The Crack-Up*, "where it is always two o'clock in the morning."

This later period has about it a certain heroism for both of the Fitzgeralds. The letters which pass between them (many of them unpublished before) reveal the fineness and decency of their feelings, their tenderness to life, and the enormous pain of their situations. *Zelda* is, in this sense, an enlargement of the *Crack-Up* legend—confessional literature not only of Fitzgerald but also of Zelda, whose letters capture the tone and modulation of his sensibility. The lyrical cry of two human beings who are beautiful and damned echoes back and forth, establishing definitively in their lives the Keatsian vision of Fitzgerald's novels, where beauty is lost in darkness.

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REVIEWERS

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American Culture and the Quest for Christ

ANTHONY T. PADOVANO

Sheed & Ward, $6.95

JOHN P. SISK

Father Padovano begins his book on a Koestlerian note: "Something along the way went wrong." Koestler's explanation (given in a *New York Times Magazine* essay last fall) is that man's neo-cortex evolved too fast so that he is prone to violent excesses of self-transcending devotion as he attempts to save himself. Father Padovano's explanation is the traditional one of original sin, a consequence of which is man's quest for salvation through Christ. If he is not right, Koestler's explanation is a grim alternative.

American Culture and the Quest for Christ is the first of a two-volume study of Christology in America. It explores "contemporary philosophy world religion, American culture, and American literature in an effort to determine whether modern man, and especially the modern American, is interested any longer in a search for salvation." The book is not quite as ambitious as such a statement of purpose might suggest. It does, however, cover a great deal of territory competently and modestly in the process of setting up the final and longest section, a study of salvation themes in the fiction of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner and Steinbeck and in the plays of Tennessee Williams. The Christological references Father Padovano finds in this literature will not in themselves be news to those who have kept close to literary criticism since World War II; however his context is not only fresh but it is enriched with a theological resonance not generally present in "Christological" criticism.

Father Padovano is of course using literature for "extra-literary" purposes, and he is aware that he is therefore likely to offend two kinds of fundamentalists: fundamentalist theologians who seek theology only where it is categorically expressed as such, and

Has the church "had it"?

Is there any purpose for an organized Christian religious body in our secularized society?

Is it not now possible for man to do away with his "God-myth" and fully accept the secularity of existence? Does not a dedicated attempt to better human life constitute our most authentic response to the Gospel?

Bernard J. Cooke, who recently asked to be released from the priesthood and the Society of Jesus in order to pursue new forms of Christian life and priestly ministry "sees the crucial issue as the tension between the sacred and the secular, and concludes that the Christian cannot, in fact, admit a dichotomy between the two, because the whole of created reality—especially the experience of life—within the Christian community—is meant to be the sacrament of the presence of Christ, who is the manifestation of God to men.

"There is, indeed, a need for the Church, Cooke says, because there is a need for the risen Christ Himself.... Cooke has a great talent for guiding the reader through vast amounts of Scripture and for relating such study to the contemporary situation." —*The Sign*

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY: Response to Reality

by Bernard J. Cooke

$4.95

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fundamentalist literary critics who "cannot perceive the religious dimensions of literature because they are obliquely handled." However, this is not such a risky enterprise as it used to be. Indeed, Frederick Crews has in recent issues of *The New York Review of Books* done his part to make it still less risky by arguing (in "Anesthetic Criticism") that "objective" criticism *a la* Northrop Frye creates a causal vacuum that cannot be sustained. Father Padovano has a healthy abhorrence of that vacuum.

Professor Crews would, I imagine, fill the vacuum with Freudian rather than Christological business. But no matter; the important thing is that Father Padovano knows that there is a danger in a theologian preempting literature for his own professional purposes. However, he knows too that a work of art "attests to that reality which theology also declares." He reads the literature very sensitively, especially that of Fitzgerald, Williams and Faulkner (whose *A Fable* he finds wanting for reasons that are theologically and critically sound). The treatment of *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sound and the Fury* are particularly good. I cannot share his enthusiasm for *The Old Man and the Sea,* nor put the same value on Steinbeck's mystic tendency that he does, nor pretend to like the old-fashioned editorial "we" that Father Padovano is fond of. Nevertheless, he is able to bring a considerable amount of fiction strongly to bear on his thesis: "The Christ figure in American literature is repeated so often beneath the surface of our denials and doubts there is a longing to encounter a man such as he was and to be saved by the God in whom he believed."

It is an orderly book, unostentatious in style, humane in tone, fair in its treatment of adversary positions, happily without that defensiveness that results in polemic oversimplification. Father Padovano strikes me as attractively at ease with his subject, whether he is summarizing and evaluating modern thinkers (Schopenhauer, Comte, Mill, Marx, Dewey and Freud) or utilizing foreign observers (chiefly de Tocqueville, Santayana and Maritain) to help him sharpen the excellent cultural profile of America that precedes the analysis of the literature. It is worth noting too in these costwary times that there are both subject and name indices. The book, in short, makes me look forward to its sequel, in which explicit theological conclusions will be developed from the data of volume one.

Love and Will

ROLLO MAY

W. W. Norton, $6.95

JOSEPH GRANGE

What characterizes our troubled age? For Rollo May the most telling symptom is apathy, a state of emotional anesthesia where the easy seductions of immediate gratification destroy youth's commitment to a real future and the equally noxious demands of planned existence dull the edges of parental sensibilities. What is required is an examination of love and will, the misunderstanding of which causes our loss of affectivity.

Love is not to be equated with the casual push of the sex drive; rather eros, as May defines it, is the urge toward the realization of ideal aims. When rightly understood, eros precludes the interpretation of the world in mechanical or deterministic terms: it is the experienced presence of teleological pressure. Will, on the other hand, is man's ability to cooperate with instincts for the sake of love's larger aims. Both factors are grounded in the ontological reality of intentionality—the activity whereby subject-object dichotomies together with their incitement to absurdism are dissolved into a gestalt suffused with human meaning. But underlying this seemingly rational interpretation is a healthy respect for the irrational. It is the unexpected and often unwanted intrusion of the daimonic that provides the requisite intensity to make life vital and purposive. Thus in place of a drug culture that banishes the future for the sake of an immediate present or a programmed life style reveling in delayed gratification, May offers a systematic reconciliation of instinct and intelligence, feeling and will that neither denies the impulses of the present nor the demands of the future.

An absence of cant, political, philosophic or psychiatric, distinguishes this book. It is the work of a humane mind dwelling on the major theses of psychoanalysis, phenomenology, and the heritage of Western thought without indulging in the delights of reductionism. The cutting edge of the philosophic anthropology here offered stretches back to Hesiod and is as contemporary as Heidegger. The core of May's program for the reintegration of love and will resides in an insistence upon the radical finitude of man, a condition made all the more tragic by the ineluctable presence of transcendent ideals. But like all authentic tragedy, man's fate is not the cause for melancholy or sentimental tears. The conflict of positive values provides the room for choice which in its turn gives man the solace of responsibility. Engagement with reality as it is now and will be supplies man with the conviction that, while other agents have had their say, it remains both his dignity and curse to have forged with his own will whatever meaning there is in the world.

At the turn of the century, Nietzsche placed his hope for the disease called man in "psychology that is now again the path to the fundamental problems." Rollo May's contribution to that science consists in the upholding of possibility and openness as opposed to the hard brush of fact. It is not however a nostalgic echo of a faded romanticism. A realism more threatening than the dogmas of Freudianism or positivism infects these pages. Man must learn to dwell in ambiguity. Uncertainty as a way of life

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goes against the climate of the times as the attention paid the demagogue, conservative or radical, testifies. It is therefore all the more significant that a trained psychoanalyst, aware of the insights of the classics as well as contemporary thought, tells man that he must risk himself in an unknown venture. The will to love and thereby make sense of the world requires man to confront what can be rather than what is. Such a posture, unappealing as it might seem in these days of rhetorical certitude, represents in effect that negative capability which John Keats tells us goes to make a man of achievement.

It may be objected that May's refusal to offer political or social recipes for the good life indicates a lamentable neglect of our contemporary crisis. Given the overabundance of such analyses and their general failure to do more than simply exploit the anxiety of intellectuals, such an indictment does not hold up. What Rollo May offers is much more important: a compassionate and informed appraisal of what it is to be human. As therapy it may fail to soothe irritated ideologues, but as a preface to debate its wisdom makes it required reading.

Change at Shebika

JEAN DUVIGNAUD

Pantheon, $6.95

RICHARD W. FOX

The brilliance of Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* lies less in its panegyric to the colonized in revolt against their colonial oppressors than in its probing of the class divisions among the colonized themselves. The native bourgeoisie, he saw in Algeria in the 1950's, had no intention of supporting, much less initiating, an egalitarian revolution. Independence would strengthen the bourgeoisie's grip at the expense of the small peasant proprietor (*fellah*), the agricultural laborer (*khammes*), and the landless unemployed—just as it had in 1956 in Tunisia, where Fanon lived and wrote in his last years.

In this captivating study of a village of poor peasants in southern Tunisia, Jean Duvignaud has taken up where Fanon left off. For most of five years he and his team of Tunisian students lived among the *khammessa* of Shebika, and their report is perhaps the best treatment of the post-colonial peasantry in any newly-independent nation. Duvignaud is not content to marshal ministerial statistics and compose quantitative analyses of abstract categories such as income distribution, population growth and calorie consumption—as many other sociologists have done. Like Oscar Lewis, he performs the harder task of penetrating the peasants' symbolic world, their existential horizon. And following Fanon he shows how the ruling bureaucracy vacillates paternalistically between ignoring and forceably manipulating them.

Shebika's *khammessa*, to synthesize Duvignaud's principal themes, are in fact not opposed to change. No ancient traditions or irreversible habits prevent them from adopting new agricultural methods, from putting in a longer and harder day's work, or from coming to deal in cash as well as in barter. What they lack—what they know they lack—are tools, seeds, fertilizer, irrigation systems, and a market for the greater number of palm dates they are capable of producing. To the outsider, whether French colonialist or northern Tunisian official, the men of Shebika seem to be withering in a timeless torpor. Why do they sit in the dust most of the day, speaking little if at all, oblivious to the fleas nestling inside their unwashed woolen capes? Far from simply "sitting in the dust," they are in fact touching, feeling their earth, waiting for the time when exerting more energy upon it will bring them some return. For the moment, with little food, they survive by resting.

Shebika's *khammessa* are not opposed to a change in property relations either, since the palm trees and vegetable plots in the oasis are owned by absentee landlords. They, as *khammessa,* earn but one-fifth of what the owner's land produces—enough to survive on, provided that Ridha, the village grocer, is willing to continue lending a bit of sugar, oil, and tea in return for a future service. In fact the men of Shebika understand intuitively that community ownership of the oasis is the only reasonable way to allocate Shebika's scarce resources. But the present system of ownership is backed by men more powerful then they.

The *khammessa* are opposed to change only if change means labor forced upon them by government decree—an instance of which Duvignaud documents at length. Behind the blind paternalism of the urban ruling class, of the men who brought political independence to Tunisia, lies the conviction that the backwardness of the peasants is the major obstacle to accelerated economic development. Thus

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the need to force the peasant to "modernize," which turns the peasants all the more fervidly against the government, viewed now with "the permanent grudge which the steppe bears to the city, the continuous resentment which the man of the desert feels towards those who seek to impose their authority."

What the leaders do not realize, says Duvignaud, is that the peasants possess no imbedded traditions that must be combated; they are subsisting in a decayed culture of poverty which can be transformed only by their own free response to new incentives. They will not change if that means taking risks; to move they must be able to perceive a secure future. If the government wishes to quicken that response, it can do no more than encourage young technicians to *live among* the peasants, to bring the government to the level of the people (as the Chinese Communists have long understood). Without this kind of preparation, the peasantry is bound to reject grandiose bureaucratic plans.

It is impossible to do justice here to the wealth of Duvignaud's insights into the peasant mentality. His work will no doubt be regarded as "unscientific" by those American sociologists for whom reliance on the sociological imagination leads only to mystification. Duvignaud, for his part, calls his work "an act of total social imagination." But in the end it is only the villagers of Shebika who can judge his study, for it is their horizon which he is attempting to occupy and convey.

Naked I Leave

MICHAEL NOVAK

Macmillan, $5.95

MARTIN TUCKER

Michael Novak is well-known in the pages of *Commonweal.* His astute and perceptive writings on Catholic issues have appeared periodically in this journal as well as in other magazines of national reputation. His latest work is a novel which he describes as fiction masked as autobiography—mainly, I suppose, because it is written in the first person and because it describes in a kind of journal-istic (not journalistic) way the progress of a young man through seminary life, graduate school and sexual escapades. It also is intended to show the maturity of its young hero through a love affair that is idyllic in its brief passage before it ends unhappily.

Novak's protestation about his fiction is suspect: other philosophers and men of learning have published fiction without making such a fuss about its origins. Surely all good fiction is autobiographical, at least in the imaginative sense: all good writers draw on their experience, though in the alchemy of literature they change that experience into something other than it historically was. Novak would have done better not to attack his "enemies" or detractors in his brief preface. The attack detracts from the novel itself like a man protesting his purity of motive too much.

Novak also in his preface makes a philosophic statement that is more open to question, at least to discussion. In protesting that he is not his hero, Jon Svoboda, and that Svoboda's sensibility should not be mistaken for his own, Novak says that "no one, certainly, should mistake a Catholic for a Jewish or a Protestant sensibility." Sensibility is a rare and subtle thing and often cannot be verbalized; it is the sum and essence of many "said" and unsaid feelings and reactions. It has to be "shown," as Novak says. But this is the point where Novak is weakest. For the novel—'and its people'—seems no more profoundly Catholic than any other Western ethnic or religious group. The hero and his milieu could as well reflect a Protestant and/or a Jewish background, if one added American before the religious denomination.

Novak's novel is a familiar story, a story of an American youth from a poor family which has pulled itself up from blue-collar to middle-class status. Novak sets his story in a Pennsylvania mining town; the two sons are the hopes of the struggling family. Both sons—the first generation to go to college—are ambitious. The older son becomes a war hero and later a politician in his home state. The other son, Jon Svoboda, the hero of Novak's novel, decides first on the priesthood and later on writing as a career; he has to "make it." That he chooses first the priesthood and later journalism does not of necessity make him a well of Catholic sensibility. He is instead a familiar American hero, very much in the Dreiser mold, who happens to be Catholic.

Jon, perhaps in reaction to his chastity as a priestly novice, tries to atone for his lack of sexual experience by the familiar (American?) round of sexual triumphs. He holds his own and notches many holes in his scoreboard. At graduate school in one year he lists something like 19; he is off and running. Later he meets Vittoria, a luscious Italian girl, and Sarah, a California peach. With each he is successful, at least sexually. A more sustained relationship proves elusive, and he leaves each of them. Vittoria is Catholic, but wants to marry a solid Italian businessman. Sarah wants to do her own thing in her own way. She comes from a rich WASP family in California, but it is not the difference in religion that divides them. Sarah rejects Jon's parochial conventional values—that is, she feels she can act as freely as men, both in and out of the bedroom. While she is a familiar type also—the Protestant bitch of American fiction—she is not so alien that she could not be a promiscuous Catholic or Jewish girl. After Vittoria and Sarah, Jon has transient, unimportant affairs; then he meets Nadya. Like Jon, Nadya is Slovak and Catholic, but unlike him she fears marriage. Their love affair spans New York and Rome, where Jon is covering the Vatican II Council proceedings. In

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Rome, after a blissful physical union, Nadya leaves Jon. Her flight chastens Jon, but he turns at the end of the novel back to activity. Alone and unhappy he enters a taxi which will bring him back to the world in which he functions: his writing and his studies.

Novak's novel is catholic in its choice of incidents and people. Minor characters enter and leave; even espionage is brought onto the scene. Russian agents and the CIA play a grimly comic game trying to get a packet from Jon containing secret information given to him by a Slovak-American. A Vatican confidant and priest breaks up a marriage through adultery—the priest turns out to be an agent for the Vatican, the Arabs, and the Israelis. The incidental material as well as the main action is conveyed neatly by Novak in a simple, elegant style. The story—or stories—moves smoothly. Yet the effect is not that of Catholic sensibility operating in a Catholic context. Rather, the sense of the tale is of an American acting out a traditional quest. It is the journey of rejection and acceptance, of finding one's role. The journey seems a peculiarly American one.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 355)

Joseph Fichter and I certainly are agreed on one point: ordination and all church offices should be open to women on the same basis as men. As long as this is not the case, the church affronts and harms women, so let's fight for it. However, the difference between us seems to lie in the fact that I basically take ordination, priests, and the priesthood as such less seriously than he does. If the attitudes of the students I encounter are any indication of where things are heading, I suspect that the attitudes I share with these students will predominate in the church of the future. Indeed, if we become too fixated upon present forms, we may find that we will have won the battle for the ordination of women but only after ordination itself doesn't matter much any longer. At the most radical level, what is needed is total equality in the church, whatever that may come to imply in a *changing* church and changing world.

This leads me to comment on the companion article in the same issue by Nancy R. McWilliams, "Feminism and Femininity." The author subscribes to the equal but different thesis. She still believes that the female way of perceiving is "sensitive, empathetic, accepting." But she cannot explain why these qualities should be more characteristic of women than of men, nor can she support the thesis that in fact they are peculiarly feminine. She asserts that the Women's Liberation zealots refuse to acknowledge "basic differences" between men and women, yet she offers no conclusive arguments that assure us of basic differences beyond the purely biological. The point is that all of these stereotypes must be challenged radically if women and men are to be freed from the sort of adaptive conditioning which unfortunately so much of counseling psychology, together with the media and other cultural institutions, are reinforcing.

MARY DALY

The Greeley Issue

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

To the Editors: I must remark on the unfortunate tone of Peter Steinfels' piece on Andrew Greeley [June 12].

A highly personal series of accusations makes the author seem to do to Greeley what he accuses Greeley of doing. This is not the tradition of *Commonweal* nor is it an example of the kind of dialogue which you have always seriously tried to further. It is a poor way to take issue with what any man writes or says.

At a time when we need better models for the intelligent discussions of matters that affect everyone so deeply, this style of article seems well below your dignity and your capability.

EUGENE C. KENNEDY

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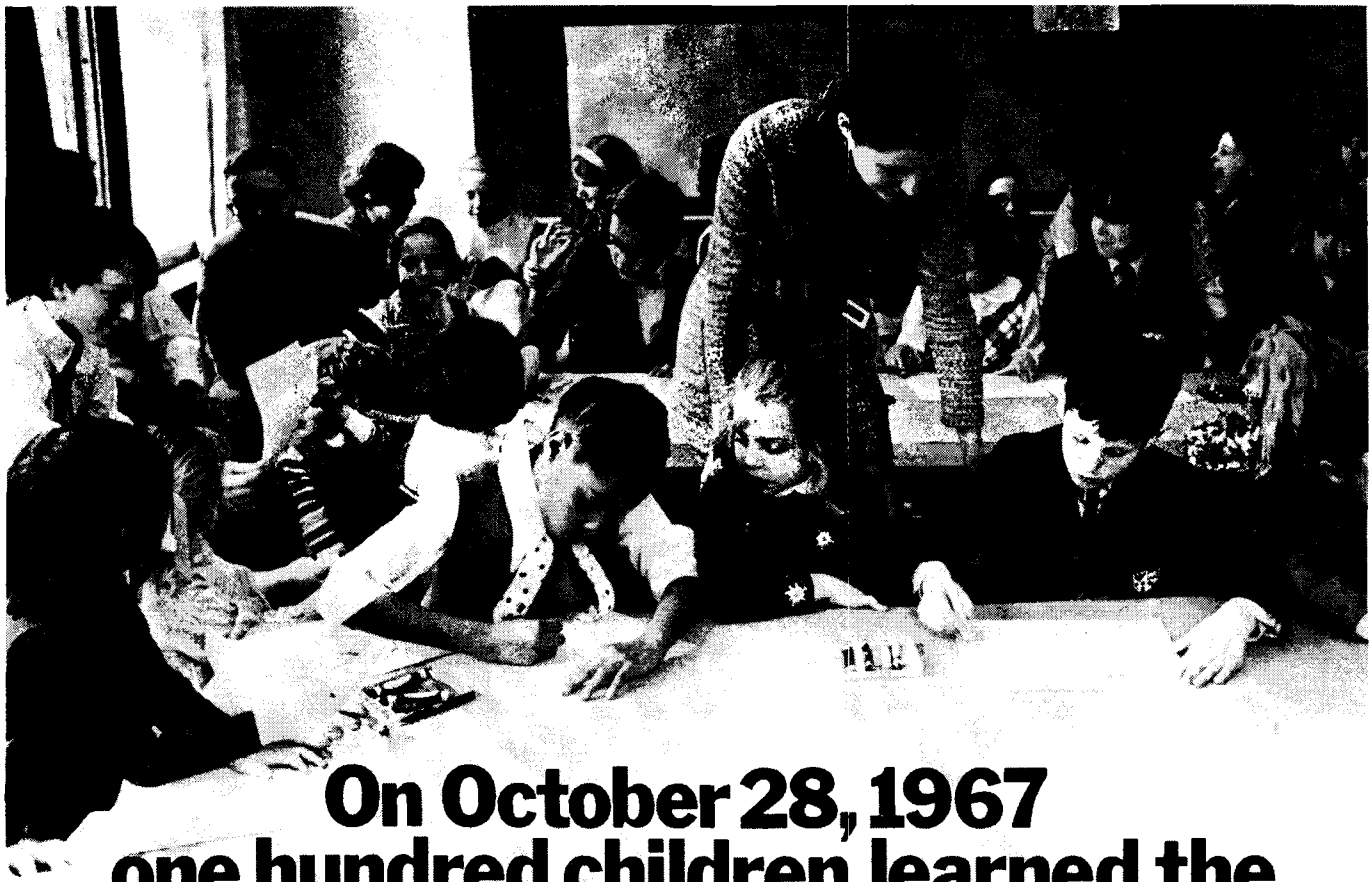

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